Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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IT IS EASY.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
And point out the places to wade.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk and you'll change your talk
As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his pack,
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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THE BETTER CITY.

The caption of this article forms the title of an interesting and valuable book written by the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles; and this is the closing paragraph in that book:

"The City of Los Angeles is as yet far away from the ideal city. The dollar still rules. Material things are still more sought for than spiritual. Low political ideals still hold sway. Nevertheless the brighter day is dawning. Investigation has brought forth protest and a few noble souls are leading on in the campaign for purity, temperance, righteousness and justice. There is a growing multitude who are determined that there shall be here not only a great but a Better City."

Mr. Bartlett's book is a sociological study of a modern city—that city being Los Angeles; but his book is not one of mere local value, because of being based on one particular city. In considering the problems of Los Angeles, and in making suggestions for her betterment, he has considered the problems of cities in general, and has given suggestions of far-reaching adaptability and value.

Mr. Bartlett's vision of the coming man is that he will be the man whose chief thought will be the upbuilding of the social kingdom." Even in pursuit of the common good, he will recognize wealth as a common inheritance, and living the life of loving service will be to him like partaking of the holy sacrament." He finds a rapid increase of late of the altruistic spirit in the hearts of men, and is hopeful for the coming age. Andrew Carnegie is quoted as saying not long ago concerning his own city of Pittsburg: "There is room for many things of the spirit in our own city. Things material are abundant; our mills and factories numerous, large and prosperous; but things material, including money itself, should be only the foundation upon which are reared things spiritual. Our mines of coal and iron have not completed their mission when tranmuted into articles for use, and these into dollars. All is still on the material plane. Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others in one of the many forms best calculated to appeal to and to develop those higher things of the moral, intellectual and esthetic domain, has wealth completely justified its existence."

Getting a vision long ago of what mankind is to be, and realizing the joy in service, Mr. Bartlett set about to help promote the ideal in a thoroughly practical manner. In the social settlement work in which he has for many years been engaged in Los Angeles, and in other ways, he won the right to speak and write on the things which relate to a better city; and in this book which he now sends forth he has a message not only for Los Angelans but people in general.

Mr. Bartlett tells us concerning Los Angeles that as the Greater City comes nearer to its realization, the leaders in social thought are more and more determined that it shall be a city without slums. "Instead of the pent-up millions in other cities, that from necessity or choice know only a contracted indoor existence, here will be found only healthy, happy families, scattered over a vast area." Twenty-five persons to the acre, he would have it, rather than 1,000 as in the tenement districts of some of our large cities. Los Angeles, with its vast stretches of hill and valley, offers freer and happier conditions.

We quote here a paragraph from the chapter on social centers. "Five years ago there came a young Russian from the Trans-Caucasus to Russian friends in Canada. Drifting down to Los Angeles, he was so delighted with the country that he wrote back to his people to come thither at once. They belonged to a religious sect known as the Brotherhood of Spiritual Christians. They were sober, industrious 'mujiks' or farmers, yet persecuted as only Russia knows how to persecute her political and religious dissenters. Like Tolstoi these men were non-residents. When the Czar ordered them to fight the Japanese, they refused and to escape punishment which would have been theirs as a penalty for their refusal, they began to steal out of Russia, and to start on the long journey through Germany and across the water, carrying with them their beloved 'samovar,' and a big bundle of clothes. Many hundreds of these people have come to this city, hoping to obtain land, and to bring over the entire 25,000 belonging to their brotherhood. Two attempts at colonizing have been made—one in Hawaii and one in Lower California, but both have proved partial failures. Having secured work in the lumber yards and in factories at good wages, the majority will become a part of the city life and forget that they were ever foreigners. All of the young men have adopted American clothes, and some of the older ones also, except on Sunday, when they go to meeting in the Russian peasants' garb. The women are slow to change, and with their elaborately embroidered, many-colored gowns, look very picturesque as they walk in groups to their Sunday services. Though the influence of the Bethlehem night schools many of the young men are quite Americanized; and they declare that they are 'no longer Paruski, but Americanskis.' As the years go by these men will become the political leaders of their brethern."

Writing concerning the Mexicans the author says: "Long before the American flag floated over the hill-top above this pueblo, this section was peopled by those from afar, whose tongue was musical and whose attire was picturesque. Their descendants today are proud to be known as the real Californians. Often times poor, because robbed of their lands, they have either been absorbed by the new life, or remain, proud of name and title, a reminder of the early days of Alta California."

We are admonished not to make the mistake of calling them Mexicans, and are told rather to call them Spanish or Californians. Not until recent years has there been an influx of Mexicans from our sister republic on the south, it is said. "With the trolley building came the need for cheap labor and the bringing in of hundreds of laborers with their families. These Mex-

icans being very poor, and accustomed to a bare life in their own land, have chosen to live in shacks closely crowded together, thus forming the city's first housing problem. With the exception of the quick use of the knife after drinking cheap wine, they are a peaceable, hard-working people, some saving their money and going back to Mexico with what seems to them to be a small fortune. Many of the young men and women have entered into the night schools of the different social centers and are becoming educated and refined."

This book tells us that while the churches and the social settlements are doing much for the development of these and other foreigners, doing a work that would not otherwise be done, the public school is the greatest transforming power. "This is the real social center—a common meeting ground for the races, giving inspiration and aspiration to thousands. Go into the school rooms in Los Angeles set aside for non-English speaking children and watch the gradual change in dress, in step, in eye and voice. Receiving daily higher ethical standards, they become little missionaries for good in their own homes. Three of the city schools are largely filled with foreigners, or rather with future Americans."

In a chapter on Positive Temperance, Mr. Bartlett, writing of man as a gregarious animal, says: "It is not enough to close the saloon. If nothing better is offered a man will seek a 'hole in the wall' in an alley, provided that it is a place where others may be found." And he asks, "Have we thought sufficiently of the plight of the young man in the hall bedroom?" Such a young man he regards as more alone in a great city than in a desert. "After work, and supper at a chop house, he tries to read in his own room, but soon the intolerable loneliness of it gets on his nerves. He wanders to and fro on the streets, drawn tonight into a cheap theater, tomorrow night in a dance hall, after that into the brightly lighted saloon. He has no intention of doing anything wrong; but where else can he go? The few friends that he has made are no help to him, and he even loses his grip on all of his best purposes." And so Mr. Bartlett concludes: "For the sake of the hall bedroom young man close the saloon! Yes, but give him something better. If the Y. M. C. A. could have a number of widely-scattered points of contact in addition to those in the one great center, this young man might not be so lonely. If all the churches were churches of theopen door, there would be more young men in their congregations. If there were a systematic effort to seek out continually the young man in his lodging house, and invite him to home and friends, many a life would be saved."

This man of consecration and vision strikes a key note in the following on the **beautiful** as well as the **better** city: "In the beautiful and better city that is to be, the men of wealth will do much toward bringing about the desired results. **It is a question in these days how much a man's wealth is private wealth. Did the owner create it? Is it the work of his brain power or the work of his hands alone? Wealth is social, and ought to be thought of more as common wealth."**

Mr. Bartlett didn't put the foregoing lines in these bold, black letters. The Editor of The Pacific did that, profoundly of the conviction that there is expressed therein a thought which must be more and more emphasized.

The author continues: "As men come to realize this, they will gladly give more and more to the common good. Parks and playgrounds will be donated; fountains and monuments will be built; music halls established; settlement houses erected; schools and colleges endowed; institutions of all kinds will be planned for the people's health and enjoyment."

Would that it could be given to this devoted Los Angeles worker to escape from saying,

> "Others shall sing the song,
> Others shall right the wrong,
> Finish what I begin,
> And what I fail of win."

But the poet says in joy nevertheless:

> "What matter I or they,
> Mine or another's day,
> So the right word be said
> And life the sweeter made?
>
> Ring! bells in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples;
> Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
> Your triumph is my own!"

Yes, but it does matter. It doesn't matter as to the worker, but it matters as to others. In sacred writ we read: "Curse ye Meroz because she came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

WITH THE UNDER DOG.

In general the religious press has deprecated the action of the President in the omission from certain coins of the motto "In God We Trust." Several however have taken or inclined to the President's side.

The Westminster, one of the best conducted and most popular of the Presbyterian papers has this to say:

"Certain ecclesiastical bodies protest against the removal of the legend 'In God We Trust' from the coinage. The motto is a relic from the days when pious phrases were inscribed on regalia, public documents, weapons of war and coins. They have been omitted, one by one, not perhaps because the real trust in God has waned, but because of an increasing sense of their incongruity and a keener sense of their true meaning. There is a feeling of repulsion when the name of our Father, and of the Prince of Peace is put on cannon as men remember that the Master said, 'Put up thy sword into its place, for all they who draw the sword shall perish by the sword,' and 'My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.' The name of the God of Truth on short-weight coins stirs emotions the reverse of religious. God for Christians means him who was incarnate in our Lord, and his word regarding coins infallibly recurs to the mind, 'Render unto Caesar therefore the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' Moreover, he bade his disciples to be unlike the Gentiles, who were anxiously busy in the pursuit of worldly gain. We are not prepared to say that our business has yet been so redeemed that we can put his name on the symbol of commerce which is still described as warfare and which in fact is characterized by competition and the lust of individual gain.

"Trust in God sanctifies every relationship of life and all that we can use. But the putting of Scripture sentences upon the forehead did not make the Jews truly servants of Jehovah. To really trust in him is

to have the mind of Christ, who sought not his own, but humbled himself and was found in the form of a servant. Is this true of the commerce of the United States, and is our employment of the phrase as a people more than a bit of magic formula, and a relapse into outgrown superstition? Who that reads the commercial news of the day will suppose that the representatives of the financial world really follow Christ's words, or rely on him for guidance or adopt his principles? Thankful we may well be that so many business men really trust him. We instantly recall those who have achieved large success and who have made him their Lord; but when we read the daily record of what the dollar stands for, we turn to the motto as to a bitter sarcasm. All religion and all ethics are in these words, 'In God we trust,' and he who most truly feels their meaning most hesitates to inscribe them as a badge."

The foregoing is admirable, except the declaration that "he who most truly feels their meaning, most hesitates to inscribe them as a badge." That is an unwarranted statement.

The Interior, another able and widely read Presbyterian journal, comments as follows:

"The Presbyterian Brotherhood 'resoluted' promptly and emphatically against the omission of the motto 'In God we trust' from the new coins of the United States. Yet it seems to The Interior that there is a good deal in President Roosevelt's reason for that omission which will bear thinking on. He says that the words have been not a sign of reverence but an occasion for irreverence—that the people do not take the motto seriously but make jokes about it. And it will indeed be decidedly easier, we imagine, for the average citizen to remember instances where the words have been ridiculed than instances where their noble significance has been manifestly appreciated. The church cannot make the country religious by putting religious tags on its coins or its buildings. Naturally it seems like a step away from God to displace his name from any position where it has hitherto appeared, but if the motto had never been used, we do not think any considerable number of religious people would see any gain for reverence or religion in introducing it today. The spirit of reality in the present time calls for fokens of religion that go deeper than emblazoned heraldry. The vital thing is to make national life righteous not in terms but in fact."

The Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, representative of the Disciples of Christ, remarks: "For most of us the question has about as much interest as the presence or absence of the name of God in the Constitution. The use of the name of the Deity in the Constitution or on the coinage will not make this a Christian nation, nor will its omission prevent it from being one."

The Outlook points out what we believe is now a generally admitted fact, that there is no warrant in the law for the use of the motto; takes the position that the legal, moral and aesthetic reasons for the removal of the motto are strong; but states that it is unwise to shock people as the President's action shocked many, except for some real and adequate compensating advantage, and expresses the belief that in this case the advantage was not adequate.

The Outlook seems to us to arrive at this position in a strange way. We quote: "One clergyman is reported to have spoken of 'the religious sentiment of the American people' as being 'effaced.' Of course it has not been effaced (indeed, even the motto itself remains on the silver dollars, half dollars and quarters); but the feeling that the sentiment has been effaced—or at least attacked—is genuine."

The Outlook would not want that principle put very much into practice—refraining from doing what for many good and strong reasons ought to be done merely because a wrong interpretation might be made of the act.

Suppose the "feeling" is genuine that the sentiment of the motto has been attacked. There is no justification for the "feeling"; so says the Outlook, and so will say nearly all persons in their most sober judgment. Then, let the "feeling" be corrected; and let men everywhere have the strength and courage to do what they think ought to be done, and let erroneous conceptions consequent thereon take care of themselves.

Just what the outcome of this matter will be it is not easy to tell at this stage. So far, The Pacific is with the under dog—the President evidently being now the under dog.

CHANGES IN CONGREGATIONALISM.

Every age is an age of transitions. At certain times the transitions are more marked than at other times.

Under the divine direction and leading mankind is ever seeking after that which is best. This is the case ecclesiastically as well as in other respects.

It has been evident for some time that the inclination widespread in Congregationalism for a more centralized and more efficient form of government would shape itself soon into practical form. It did this at the meeting of the National Council in Cleveland.

It is of interest to note how other religious bodies are viewing this trend.

The Cumberland Presbyterian remarks editorially:

"When, in a recent issue, the Cumberland Presbyterian called attention to the tendency of Congregationalists to draw nearer to the Presbyterian polity, it was not dreamed by anyone outside of that communion, if by many in it, that the National Council would adopt such a report as that submitted by the committee on polity. In the recent editorial in this paper it was said that the National Council really had about as much authority as a Presbyterian General Assembly. It will be seen from recommendation 11 that the Council took steps to bring all of the benevolent agencies of the denominations directly under the control of representatives of the churches. Other recommendations have the effect of turning the Congregationalists into Presbyterians in at least two particulars. Heretofore local and state organizations have been known by various names, causing much confusion. Sometimes they were called 'associations,' sometimes 'conventions,' and sometimes 'conferences.' The new plan provides that all local organizations shall be called 'associations,' the state organizations shall be designated 'conferences,' and the national organization shall continue to bear its present name, National Council. It is easy to see that these organizations now correspond in their formation with our presbyteries, synods, and general assembly. Even more remarkable is the recommendation that the local 'association' shall hereafter be the agency for ordination. Heretofore men have been ordained to the ministry by local 'councils,'

called together by any church which had a member which it wished set apart to the ministry. While the initiative is still to be taken by a local church, this initiative will amount to little more than a recommendation. The authority will rest with the 'association, as it rests with presbyteries. We congratulate the Congregationalists on this advance step."

The Interior, a leading and progressive Presbyterian paper, remarks under the caption, "Coming to Presbyterian Ground":

"At the National Council of Congregationalists at Cleveland there was adopted a report on polity which is regarded by old-line Congregationalists as the most revolutionary action ever taken in the name of Congregationalism. In spite of its significance the action was voted with but little debate and by a heavy majority. The only serious opposition arose when the proposition was made to bring the great benevolent societies of the Congregational fellowship under the control of the National Council, but even this was adopted. Of course, the council has no right to impose on the churches or on the missionary societies the innovations which it approved; they can be put into effect only by the acquiescence of the different bodies involved. But the sentiment of the council is undoubtedly representative enough to insure that the vast majority of the churches will agree, and committees were appointed to negotiate with the societies in hope that they will voluntarily consent to put themselves under the direction of the council. The committee which brought in this radical report declared that it was entirely devoted to the principle of 'the self-government of the local church,' which it prized especially as a guarantee of liberty of 'faith.' But it repudiated absolutely the late action of Plymouth congregation in Brooklyn which described the local church as 'an independent unit.' And it recorded its unanimous judgment that 'our Congregational churches may safely and consistently move along the lines of representative order.' This representative order, as the committee's specific recomendations soon revealed, is virtual Presbyterianism, except as to the feature of a denominational creed."

But the recommendation as to ordination by associations of churches and ministers The Interior regards as the most radical suggestion of all, saying with reference thereto: "The special ordaining council called and constituted by the church which desires the candidate to become its pastor, has been from time immemorial the most sacred and characteristic institution of Congregationalism. To put this function into the hands of a permanently organized body of ministers and laymen from a specified territory wipes out the only definite distinction from Presbyterianism. It is further recommended that the state associations assume 'oversight' not only of mission churches but of the self-sustaining churcles as well. How far this 'advice' will be accepted in the Congregational denomination will be interesting to watch."

The Pacific hopes that none of its readers will become panic stricken when they read these statements by our Presbyterian brethren.

By all these suggested changes, should they be adopted, Congregationalism will not be transformed into Presbyterianism. Our local churches will still have all the freedom that they now have in the management of their affairs; but in that common work which concerns alike all the churches there will be such a centralization and co-operation as will undoubtedly give greater effectiveness.

As to the matter of ordination by associations, instead of by specially called councils, that has been tried, and very satisfactorily, too, for some time, in different parts of the country. Under the new plan the initiative, as now, will be taken by the local church; and final authority might as well rest with an association as with the council. It cannot rest in any event with the local church.

Of course under our present system a church would disregard the decision of a council not to ordain, and by the calling of another, a picked council, secure perhaps the desired action. If there are churches that want the prevailing system merely for such action as that, they are wanting it for something unworthy.

We hope to see all the recommendations of the polity committee of the National Council adopted near and far. There isn't one that will not make for the good of Congregationalism. Our polity was not dropped down to us out of the heavens, ready-made and we must needs be open always for the best. Congregationalism will readjust itself in the light of the present day, or it will become ere long a rapidly waning force.

If in that new Congregationalism toward which we seem to be moving rapidly now—and which will notwithstanding the changes be just as pure a Congregationalism as past or present day Congregationalism—we shall find ourselves close to present day Presbyterianism, let us not mourn. Congregationalism has long been leavening all the great denominations; it will continue to leaven them, and finally many may be one. There is much of Congregationalism in Presbyterianism today; and much of it in Methodism; but the Presbyterians go on calling it all Presbyterianism; and the Methodists call theirs Methodism.

A few words here as to the autonomy of the local church: We know of no Presbyterian church, we know of no Methodist church, that has not as much freedom practically in the working of its local affairs as Congregational churches have. The very best things Congregationally have been taken on by the other denominations greatly to their up-building, and Congregationalists have been hanging on to and emphasizing the tag end of autonomy greatly to their detriment, while the best end of it has become the common stock of all.

It is time to open our eyes and bestir ourselves.

The Rev. E. L. Walz and Mrs. Walz are expected home from the East about the 15th of December. Concerning a recent item in The Pacific, Mr. Walz writes: "No Sunday-school has promised us $2,500. One school is giving us $25. I can't imagine how you got that news. I don't think I wrote it." Up to November the 20th the work of Mr. and Mrs. Walz had been largely seed-sowing, from which had come many indefinite pledges but not very many hundred dollars in cash. Concerning their reception in Boston, Mr. Walz says that it was very cordial. "Interest, kindness, sympathy have abounded; and unlimited hospitality has cheered and strengthened us." With reference to that statement in The Pacific as to the promise from a Sunday-school to undertake the raising of $2,500, we presume the friend who so told us read $2,500 for $25. Since the foregoing was put in type a telegram has been received announcing one gift of $3,000 and cash and small pledges additional to the amount of $1,100. We rejoice.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

Books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow
—Wordsworth.

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay." By Robert E. Knowles. A tender, touching story in a handsomely decorated volume! Aptly called one of the "art gift books." Just the thing for a Christmas-time gift! The story will touch the heart and inspire to loving deeds and the beautifully decorated pages will delight the eye. He who has written "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" has added much to the world's storehouse of riches. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00 net; postage ten cents.)

"The Mediator." By Edward A. Steiner. Professor Steiner is new in the field of fiction, but he has scored a success at once in this tale of the Old World and the New. We shall not spoil the story by any attempt to review it; but shall state what it is, and commend it to all who may be looking for something good and interesting in the book line this holiday season. The central figure in the story is the son of a rabbi, set apart at birth for leadership among his people, but who turns from the faith of his fathers and enters on the long training required to make possible entrance into the order of the Dominican brotherhood in the Catholic Church. We have his experiences and the experiences of others related to and associated with him in the homeland, and then their life and experiences in America. It will be seen that there is field here for a splendid story, and Professor Steiner has succeeded in making such an one. Religious fanaticism in the Old World, race prejudice, both in the old and the new, and the varied experiences of the immigrant in the New World enter the pages of this book in a graphic manner. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 356; $1.50.)

"The Peasantry of Palestine." By Elihu Grant. Professor Grant of the department of Biblical literature of Smith College resided for three years at Ram Allah, a village in Palestine about ten miles from Jerusalem. During his sojourn in that land he took extensive notes of his observations and experiences, and at the suggestion of friends who saw their value he has wrought out of them this book. He says in the preface: "My aim has been to write of those matters only which came under my personal observation; to confine myself to such matters as relate to peasant life and interests; to provide a fairly systematic description of the village peasants and their ways, without, however, attempting to fill in the gap in my own experience from the works of other writers; to make the volume acceptable to all readers whatever their opportunities or sympathies in in the field treated; to contribute to the subject of Palestinian research and prepare the way for further study in the folk-life of the country." While in that country, he says, that he paid attention to everything because everything interested him. Accordingly we have a book containing wide and varied information concerning the Palestinian peasantry. There are many fine illustrations. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.50 net; postage, 14 cents.)

"The New Basis of Civilization." By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. This book by the professor of Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania is one of the American Social Progress Series. Dr. Patten believes that the world is moving towards an ideal civilization, although it is not a twentieth century possibility. "A thousand, perhaps many thousand years, must elapse before the multitude of material adjustments necessary to it will have been completed. In the meantime, society must either rest upon its old bases or else refashion itself out of the knowledge and resources within the environment at any given time. A higher civilization is a present possibility that may be realized by people living in this century. It is ready now to appear; but its emergence implies a change of opinions, ideals and institutions, and a shifting from past to present conditions. And there must be no halt for information, skill or racial aptness." Dr. Patten considers this New Civilization as to its basis in Resources, Heredity, Family Life, Social Classes, Social Consciousness, Amusement, Character and Social Control. It has been well said concerning this book that "it interprets in a specially suggestive and stimulating way the meaning and significance of recent social changes." (The MacMillan Co. New York, $1.00 net.)

"History of Unbelief in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry C. Sheldon. Professor Sheldon of Boston University has done good service in the preparation of this critical history of unbelief in the nineteenth century. The book is divided into three parts. The first consders Philosophical Theories; the second, Quasi-Scientific, Theological and Ethical Theories; the third, Critical Theories. In the first part radical idealism, radical sensationalism and materialism, positivism, agnostic and antitheistic evolutonism, and pessimism are set forth and their weaknesses shown. In the second part consideration is given to the challenging of the supernatural, the denial of the finality of Christianity, the denial of the transcendent son-ship of Jesus Christ, and to utilitarian and naturalistic ethics. In the third part attention is paid to the criticism of the gospel history of Strauss, to the New Testament criticism of Baur, to the critical reconstruction of the Life of Jesus by Renan and others and to the elements of radicalism in the recent criticism of the Old and New Testaments. We have found this book very informing and helpful. It is a compendium of information as to the speculations and philosophies of the last century, and well worthy a place in the library of every student of history of present day affairs. (Eaton & Mains, New York; pages 393; $2.00 net.)

"The Infinite Affection." By Charles S. Macfarland. This volume of 174 pages aims to help to the adjustment of some of the intellectual difficulties which have arisen with reference to things religious. It sets forth the theology of one who has submitted himself to "modern thought," and indicates the trend of present day theology. Stated in the words of the author the object of the book is to reveal, or, perhaps better, to suggest, some processes of thought, witnesses of revelation and some means by which the mutual relations between God, man and the moral order may be gained, intensified, witnessed and apprehended." The topics considered are: The Nature of the Universe, The Moral Opportunity of Man, The Person of Christ, The Sovereignty of Christ The Spirit of God. We have found the book a helpful one. The writer of an introduction to a British edition of this book states that Mr. Macfarland once said to him: "If we are to preach

the newer views with the maximum effectiveness and the minimum of friction, we must use the minimum of negation and the maximum of affirmation and we must not be impatient or intolerant. It is possible to be illiberally liberal. Most of all we shall do well to bring out and lay continual stress upon the distinctively moral and spiritual implications of the new position showing that it is really better than that which it displaces. While there is a lower and a higher criticism, let us bear in mind that here is still a highest criticism of all: that which goes beyond the literary form of Scripture and penetrates to its spiritaul truth. It is this 'highest criticism' which we must consistently apply and practice in our preaching." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net; postage 10 cents.)

"A Plain Man's Working View of Biblical Inspiration." Albert J. Lyman, D.D. A Congregational minister writes, and a Methodist Episcopal publishing house prints, the best brief treatise we know of, for the average man, on the "Inspiration of the Bible." Dr. Lyman takes four steps in his argument. A college man once wrote to him, asking: "Can you tell me in what sense, if any, I can 'reasonably' regard the Bible as an inspired and trustworthy guide in life, without waiting to settle all the critical questions?" In his efforts to show how the Bible can **reasonably** be taken as such a guide, the first step is to this ground: "Occasional very high literary inspiration." In this connection Dr. Lyman says: "You will bear in mind that I am not now speaking as a Christian believer, as an adherent of an orthodox creed, an advocate of a certain religious technique—nothing of the kind. I am simply a student, at ease in my library, admiring genius, resenting any sham of genius, but aware of a certain thrill when I stumble upon something fine in Thucydides, or Anacreon, or Saint John's Gospel or the Book of Psalms. You shall not, then, give me Juvenal and steal away from me Ecclesiastes. As a literary man I object. You shall not allow to me the tragedies of Aeschylus and filch from my bookshelves, the drama of Job. Your chatter about uncertain date, doubtful authorship, is away off from the mark. The Iliad is the Iliad, wherever Homer was born. I have here, evidently, in some of these old Biblical writings a literary fire-opal of the highest value. It fascinates me. The more mysterious its origin, the more it fascinates me. If, then, we assert in the literary realm as we do, the touch of actual inspiration, the breath of the Infinite anywhere, we assert it here. If genius has ever caught a spark from the Throne, as it has, here it shines. If any writings on earth are worthy simply as writings, of the admiring and passionate regard of the human intellect, they are these." This is Dr. Lyman's first step. This, he says, is the ground floor. "This is verifiable. This is where I start. No religion in it necessarily, but something that makes my bookshelf richer with the Bible on it." Now he takes his second step, to the pre-eminent **moral** inspiration of very much of the Bible. Graphically he sets forth this moral pre-eminence, concluding: "No other book has either so recognized or so stirred the human conscience as the Bible has. Its moral insight is rarer, its moral breadth is nobler, its moral discrimination is surer, its moral pressure more resistless than that of any other product of the inspired conscience of humanity." Now the third step which is naturally the crucial one, and yet he believes as inevitable and as verifiable as the others, provided it be taken from the top of the other two. The third steps brings to this: "Many clearly demonstrable instances and flashes of apparently superhuman spiritual inspiration." We have space for only a few scattered thoughts from this part: "How can I possibly account, on merely natural grounds, for the spirituelle loveliness, for instance of the discourses of the Gospel of John, by anything I can find in the Syria or the Alexandria of Philo—by anything, indeed, in the Roman empire of the first century, or even of the second? As well look for a spray of Syrian lilies bursting from a stack of Roman spears." Again, he says: "The very inner essence indeed of the ethical and spiritual life of the modern time is met and matched by these old incomparable writings. What magic had the fishing nets of Galilee thus to anticipate the summit centuries of Europe and the New World? These flashes of spiritual prevision are as much beyond the unaided human foresight of those plain men as yonder jeweled sword handle of Orion is beyond the reach of infant fingers." Dr. Lyman's fourth and last step is to this: "So numerous are these special supreme gleams in the Bible, and so distributed are they, that, like turret-top lights over a city, they serve to explain other biblical writings; or to change the figure, they furnish adjusting instruments by which to interpret the rest of the Biblical literature." And so the conclusion is that with these turret-top lights so distributed, and so commanding as to be largelv explanatory of the remainder of Scripture, "a sane, free soul can walk in the light of such a book, can fight in the glory of such a book, can die in the peace of such a book, and at the end of all know that he has done his whitest and his best." There are 47 pages in this little book; it is handsomely bound, and is worthy a place in the home alongside the Bible, which it upholds in a beautiful and masterly manner. (Eaton & Mains, New York, 50 cents; also Jennings & Graham, Berkeley, Cal.)

NOTE.

The General Association of Central and Northern California took steps Tuesday for incorporation. The by-laws for the corporation, which were considered, and recommended to the committee on incorporation, will be printed in The Pacific next week along with a report of the meeting. There was but little opposition to the movement.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Six persons were received into membership last Sunday, making 27 added to the church since last January. In response to a call from the pastor, Rev. J. H. Goodell, a number of the Mayflower men have volunteered and once a month at the mid-week meeting they will give an account of what is being done for the Master in the world wide field of missions. Last month one of their number read a carefully prepared paer of much interest giving an historical account of the growth of missionary work from the Saviour's time to the present day. A branch of the "Laymen's Missionary Movement" may be formed in the near future. The Mayflower ladies are to have a bazaar and sale, for which they have made extensive preparation, on December 7th, the proceeds of the sale to be applied to the fund for the enlargement of the church buildings.

PRESIDENT KING'S BIBLE CLASS.

R. B. Larkin.

The class meets every Sunday morning of the Oberlin College year. There is an attendance of nearly 600, students of the college and others. The instruction is in the form of an expository Bible lecture and continues for one hour. The hour is too short. Note books are kept busy. Those who have come to hear are there with serious purpose. They have come for help in the serious business of living, and they are not disappointed in what they get. The bearing of the speaker is earnest and reserved and marked by the confidence born of insight and careful preparation. The sentences are measured and deliberate. They must be so in order that the hearers may grasp the carefully wrought out thoughts and note them down.

The course is in Luke, following the chapters in order. The section to be studied, for example, is chap. 14: 7-11, the passage about the chief seats at feasts. The theme is "Humility." The exposition begins:

The measure of a man is not his sitting in the chief seats, but his worthiness to sit in them.

There is no getting the real reward of character without character.

Humility is much misunderstood. It is no Uriah Heap quality.

What is humility?

[We will follow the method of President Finney and state first what it is not.]

It is not humiliation. In his earlier days, Henry Ward Beecher once felt that he had made a failure in preaching a certain sermon. He told his father that he was much humbled. "No," said his father, "you are humiliated."

It is not self-depreciation. It is not telling lies about yourself that you do not believe. Do not use lightly about yourself the words of Paul as to being the chief of sinners. I have come to think that half of the people do not think highly enough of themselves Humility is quite consonant with a dignified self-respect.

The speaker then goes on to speak of humility on the positive side:

Humility involves a true estimate of oneself, (a) in view of God's ideal for him, and the possibilities left unrealized; (b) in view of the contributions of others to him.

Humility involves a sense of dependence upon God and also an open-mindedness to others, certain that they have much to teach him. This is in contrast with the satiated, closed heart of the Pharisee.

Humility is a virtue for great minds, not little ones. Praise will not spoil such a man. He may be grateful for it, with fear. Because he knows himself and knows others, he will not set too much value upon the praise.

Humility does not go to the lowest seat in order to be asked to go to the higher. This is pride posing as humility.

The humble man is mindful of the vastness of the unattained, and he often honestly knows that he has not made the attainment ascribed to him; he knows that he is given credit often for much that is due to others; he knows the large work of others, some no better than his, some better; he knows that others have something great to give.

He is kept humble because he has caught a glimpse of God's ideal for him and others. There is no false pride in his being in the lowest seat, he would rather go lower than higher. He does not try to grab all things for himself. He does not think he ought to have them. But there are those who count themselves disciples of Christ who scramble for the best places!

The appetite for notice gets into our blood. It sometimes happens that men get into places too big for them. This is not exaltation. We sometimes hear it remarked of such and such a man, "How he rattles around in his predecessor's place!" What fun is there in being in a big place when the men who see you do not think you honor the place? Do not mistake capering in the limelight for greatness. It is better to be worthy to sit in the chief seats than to sit in them.

The openminded, teachable man is taking the road of steady, inevitable growth to all that is best. He himself will be becoming steadily, inevitably a larger, better man. His Father will reward him, perhaps not openly, but he himself will be his own best reward.

The above is a summing up of the characteristic thoughts of the hour. They were expanded and driven home with effect. When the last word had been spoken the speaker stepped from the rostrum, and passed quickly through the aisle to the door, while the audience remained seated. Then all rose and followed, with a profounder sense of the meaning of humility. The message had found its mark.

ONE DAY'S DRIVING.

W. N. Burr.

We were a company of six—two ministers, a good-natured deacon and his genial-hearted wife, a professional writer of magazine stories, and the driver. And the driver knew more than any of us—about the "points of interest" that we proposed to visit that day, and others that were scattered through the country round about.

In general terms, our objective point was "Point Loma." To be more specific, we left home with the Theosophical Institution on Point Loma in our mind's eye, as the chief wonder that we should look upon that day. Everybody has heard of the "Universal Brotherhood" with a woman as its leader. Mrs. Katherine Tingley is quite equal to leading a "Brotherhood," or anything else, congrous or incongrous, that may happen to strike her fancy as something she would like to do. Some people have unbounded faith in themselves, and such people usually succeed—so far as "doing things" is success. The "woman leader" of the "Universal Brotherhood" is a person of this stamp.

We had a drive of twenty miles before us. It led through Pacific Beach, a little town lying back some distance from the Pacific Ocean, and with very little "beach" to be found where once the nearest path to the ocean has been covered.

"This place was named Pacific Beach for the same reason that another Southern California town was named Riverside: because there is no beach here and no river there," remarked the driver, facetiously.

Just before reaching Old Town we stopped for a snap-shot at two ancient palm-trees that stand in all the glory of senile slatterliness that is characteristic of old trees and sometimes of old men.

"They came in with the early California settlers along about 1770, and have beat the settlers grandly in the game of living long on the earth," said our sunny-hearted driver.

We drove on into the "Old Town" of San Diego.

passing the rims of the old adobe building made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson as the place in which Ramona was married, and a short distance further on the little chapel in which the marriage actually took place. From a beam outside this chapel hang two of the old bells from the mission, that sent their echoes out among these hills a hundred years ago. Not far away is a rock bearing an inscription, which informs the sight-seer that on this spot the American flag was raised for the first time in Southern California, by Gen. John C. Fremont, in 1847.

"One can stumble over historic valuables almost anywhere around here with his eyes shut," remarked that driver of ours.

Our further road skirted the landlocked bay of San Diego for a short distance, and in due time we found ourselves upon the towering heights of Point Loma This remarkable headland has been described as "a promontory four hundred feet in height and six miles long, that stands as a huge sentinel to guide the sailor to the entrance of the bay and also as a protection to the anchorage within." Dana described it as "a well-wooded headland," and other early chroniclers picture it as "covered by a magnificent forest." In these later days the crowning glory of this noble promontory is not trees but Theosophists.

From a page of printed matter lying before me as I write these records I gather the names of some of the buildings of "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:" "The Aryan Memorial Temple; the outdoor Greek Theatre (which can accommodate several thousand people); the Group Homes and Lecture Halls, etc., of the Raja Yoga School; the Industrial Buildings of the Woman's Exchange and Mart, the machine shop, the photographic and art studies, the chemical research laboratories and printing-works, the international headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood, the offices of the editorial staff. the beautiful and unique students' homes, etc."

We drove to a little "tent village" just outside the grounds, and purchased entrance tickets at ten cents each.

"Present these at the gate, and you will be admitted and every courtesy shown you," said the serious-faced little woman who sold us the tickets.

We presented ourselves and our tickets at the great entrance gate, and a dapper young man in a close-fitting uniform "not unlike that of a soldier, olive-tan in color with leggins and russet shoes," came out of the little round gate-house inside, and swung open the gate for our entering. Once inside, his sharp eyes spied a small camera in the hands of the deacon's wife.

"I must ask you to leave that outside in your carriage, madam."

Mrs. Deacon meekly went out to our three-seater and left her camera in the care of the driver.

Somewhat with fear and trembling lest we be asked to give account of everything we might happen to be carrying in our pockets, we began the ascent up to the "Homestead." It was a fine, wide driveway up which we walked, between rows of royal date-palm trees. Half-way up our coming was announced by a trumpet-note from the gate.

Soon we came upon another of the uniformed attendants who was just dismissing a group of visitors who had preceded us.

"Walk up to the steps, and I will meet you there in a few moments," he said, with an official air.

We walked on. Presently he came to us.

"Now," said he, "before we proceed, I wish to ask what is the attitude of your minds towards this work?"

After a moment's hesitation one of the party managed to murmur,

"Why, sir, we are here to learn what you have to tell us about it."

"Very well; we will walk as we talk."

And as we walked he talked. He pointed out the "Aryan Memorial Temple," the "Group Homes and Lecture Halls of the Raja Yoga School," etc., and told us there was a Greek Theatre somewhere on the grounds, but he kept it out of sight.

"Would you allow us to see the inside of this building?" asked the Deacon's wife, as we stood before the music and Art Temple.

"Madam, recitations are going on in that building and we must not disturb them."

"How many of you are there now in this community?" asked the Magazine Writer.

"Allow me to correct you, sir, this is not a community," was the only reply His Highness deigned to give to that question.

We were passing one of the "beautiful and unique students' homes." The Deacon's wife was attracted by some unusual plant near the front of the yard, and asked permission to go nearer that she might see it

"Madam, I, as one of the students here, would not think of going nearer to that home than we are now We respect each other's privacy here," was the reply

That was about all. We were soon dismissed, and we walked down the broad avenue and out the gate into freedom.

"Well!" exclaimed the Writer of Magazine Stories "I have been almost all over the world. I have tapped at the gates of some of the most exclusive monasteries in the Old World, and have chatted with Carmelite monks whom I could not approach nearer than a grated window would allow; but I have never before encountered any such 'keep-your-distance,-sir,' as we have found on the grounds of the 'Universal Brotherhood today."

We meekly mounted to our places in the three-seater.

"I suppose 'every courtesy' was shown you, as the ticket woman promised," remarked the driver, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, perhaps so," replied the Magazine Writer drily, "but if so, that is about all that was shown us."

We drove on to the Wireless Telegraph Station The two men in charge were extremely courteou replying in a kindly manner to our inquiries, and offering to show us many things that had been as sealed books to us.

A little later we drew up at the new light-house This record is already too long to put into it the story of "how we came to be here" told us by the wife of the light-keeper after we had partaken of the generous cups of coffee she had added to our lunch. Nor can I give in full the account of the light-keeper's ready response to our request to be shown the great lantern at the top of the light-house. But here we were certainly shown "every courtesy."

Some of us mounted the hill on the summit of which stands the old light-house, abandoned some years ago because it was too high, throwing its light above the fog-banks, and so failing to accomplish its purpose as a guide to vessels at sea. But from the top of its

dismantled turret we had a fine view of San Diego Bay with the city of San Diego beyond, and the mountains of Mexico and California mingling in the background

"Naples!" exclaimed the Magazine Man many times that day, when this land-and-water view lay before our eyes.

On the return trip we stopped at the little Catholic chapel in "Old Town" to group ourselves under the old bells for a "shot" from Mrs. Deacon's camera As we stood there the courteous French priest came by, and seeing us, asked,

"Would you like to go inside and see the relics?"

And he unlocked the door, bade us enter, and showed us the treasures of the chapel. When the Magazine Writer spoke to him in his own tongue he was greatly pleased, and could not seem to do enough to make our call pleasant and profitable.

As we drove away one of the Ministers remarked: "I take it to be the sense of every member of this party that we will all embrace Roman Catholicism rather than become Theosophists."

"So shall it be," was the unanimous response.

THE GOSPEL IN KOREA.

By Dr. J. D. Davis, Kyoto.

Five weeks spent in Korea gave opportunity to see and hear something of the wonderful work which is in progress there.

Thirty years ago Korea was a great bandit region, largely given up to plunder. There still remain old castles of refuge on the hills among the mountains to which the people fled for refuge.

Firteen years ago, there was not a Christian in North Korea and hundreds of church buildings have been erected by the Korean Christians. A majority of the people in North Korea are within three miles of a church or preaching place. This work has been self-supporting from the beginning. Every Christian has been made to feel that it is his duty to bear witness to others, to teach and lead others to Chrits. Last winter over one thousand men were gathered into Pyengyang from the country, some of them coming more than one hundred miles, where they studied the Bible with the missionaries and received intsruction in Christianity and Christian work for fifteen days. Five hundred women came in at a different time for similar study and training for fifteen days, and then these men and women went back into the country to engage in active work in teaching and bearing witness to the truth. Eight hundred men and three hundred women, from the churches in the city, met for fifteen days of study and training. Besides these, a Bible Institute for men was held in the spring, with an attendance of three hundred, and one for women with an attendance of one hundred. These were made up of regular evangelists and workers. There are about five hundred evangelists and workers in North Korea entirely supported by Korean money. These elders, evangelists, and Bible women had classes for Biblical and Christian instruction last year in 252 places in North Korea with an atetndance of over 12,000. The church members who cannot give money, and many who can give money, give their time and go into the towns and villages around the places where they dwell, and tell the Gospel story to those who have not yet heard.

The Central Presbyterian Church in Pyenyang, although seating fifteen hundred people, has swarmed three times, to get room in the building. They have formed the North, South and East churches and put up large buildings, but that Center Church is now so crowded that the women meet in the morning, and the men in the afternoon, each Sabbath, and the church is full each time. It is filled again at the weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

The church members in the city have divided into groups, each in charge of an elder, and each group is divided into bands of about ten each with a band leader. The houses in the city are all apportioned, about fifty houses to each band, and are divided into groups of seven or eight houses each, and some one is assigned to visit regularly each group of houses and read the Bible, and pray with the inmates. These workers meet together for prayer before they start out. and they have frequent meetings for reports. The Presbyterian Mission in Pyengyang have a theological school with seventy-five students, who study three months each year and go out to work during nine months. There is a union Methodist and Presbyterian academy and college in Pyengyang with about thirty collegiate and three hundred academic students. This school has a manual training department connected with it. There is a largely attended woman's training school in the city, with two sessions a week from October to May. There was a normal training class for female teachers last year in May, with an attendance of eighty-seven, and one for male teachers in July, with an attendance of two hundred and two. There are about four hundred and fiftv primary graded schools in operation connected with the churches in Korea, with a six years' course of study. There were 9717 pupils in these schools last year, about 2,000 of whom were girls. There are eleven intermediate schools or academies for young men with a three years course of study and an attendance last year of 1266 mostly graduates of the primary schools. There are nine similar schools for young women, with five hundred students, and their number is rapidly increasing. There are normal classes where five hundred men and women are helped to prepare for teaching. There are day schools and night classes where thousands of men and women are being taught to read. There are industrial schools and two schools for the blind. There is a flourishing Y. M. C. A. school in Seoul where hundreds of young men are being taught.

Over 15,000 students were taught last year in these Mission schools. This work is self-supporting. All the evangelists and workers, all who come to the training classes from the city and country, and all the primary, academic, collegiate and theological students are supported by Korean money. Over fifty thousand dollars, gold, was given for Christian work by the Korean Christians last year.

Best and most important of all, the missionaries in Pyengyang and the Korean workers from city and country who were assembled there last winter, all received a great spiritual uplift. It seemed like a veritable Pentecost. All hearts were melted and filled with spiritual power. The missionaries have maintained a union daily prayer meeting for nearly ten months. This wave of spiritual blessing has extended over the whole field. It has led to earnest work and self-denying giving. It prepared the way for those influences which have kept the people of North Korea quiet during the last few months. After the abdication of the late emperor and the disbanding of the army, when the people in North Korea, naturally the most excitable and turbulent of the Korean people, were in danger of ris-

ing in insurrection, the missionaries and leading Christians banded together and urged all the Christians in the nearly one thousand churches and preaching places to exert their influence in leading all the people to remain quiet and submissive, with the result that there has been little or no disturbance in North Korea. A similar work is being done from Seoul and other places as centers, and the two thousand churches and groups of Christians are a most hopeful part of the outlook The number of the Christians increased fifty per cent during the last year. If this work can go on unchecked and unchilled, Korea will be rapidly evangelized and filled with millions of happy, enlightened Christian homes, and this little kingdom, despised though it has been, will give to the Christian world a priceless example of the way and the only way that the gospel can be carried to the world during the present generation.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher will read a paper at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The Rev. H. M. Tenney, the Pacific coast district secretary of the American Board, has gone to Chicago to attend a conference in the interests of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. It is expected that some coast conferences in the interests of this movement will be held ere long.

The Rev. Dr. Torrey has engaged to hold evangelistic meetings in Los Angeles in Januarv. A guarantee fund of $8,000 must be raised. Eight hundred personal workers have been enrolled for the meetings. The Los Angeles Church Federation entered into contract some time ago for a large rink on Grand avenue for the month of January, agreeing to pay therefor $2,500. The contract provided for possession of the building by December 22d, so as to give time to prepare it for the meetings. A handsome sum has been offered the federation for the use of the rink for dancing purposes during the holidays, but the decision rightly was to get needed funds in a more laudable way.

In the early part of this year the members of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley finding it impossible, seemingly, to agree in the choice of a pastor. about an hundred withdrew and organized a church known as St. John's Presbyterian Church. It is preparing to erect a house of worship on the corner of Piedmont avenue and Stuart streets, not far from the new Claremont hotel. The membership of the new organization is about 150, and a building will be erected at a cost of $10,000. Since the division occurred the First Church has added more than 150 to its membership, and now enrolls 666. Two weeks ago 86 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 46 uniting on confession of faith. The new edifice of the First Church which cost about $80,000, is nearly ready for use

At the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the Rev. Walter Frear read a valuable paper on the fellowship of the churches. He expresed the conviction that good would result from the movements under headway to make our Congregationalism more efficient, but that there was need to supplement these plans by something that will reach more vitally into the life of our churches. Especially was this needed in our city work, for it is among these that there is apt to be "distance" and lack of fellowship. It is Mr. Frear's belief that no Congregational Church should come into existence in our cities without a responsibility on all; that churches should be started in fellowship, wisdom and love and brooded in that love. He thinks that there is needed widely the **service** of fellowship; that there is a call for, as strong a Congregational consciousness among laymen as there is among ministers. If we are to have much of a Congregationalism hereabouts in the future, he is of opinion that churches will have to be established in thorough fellowship; and not only financial aid be given by the other and older churches, but members as well. The paper struck a responsive chord. In the discussion which followed it was noted that the Roman Catholics never had a weak, struggling church, for the reason that there was real practical brotherhood in their methods for establishing and maintaining churches. It was also brought out in the discussion that the great need hereabouts is not for a more hearty fellowship and cooperation on the part of a few, but on the part of **all** members of **all** the churches. A committee, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Frear, Brooks, Adams, Patterson and Hitchcock, was appointed to formulate some suggestive methods of procedure and bring them before the Ministers' Meeting, and other bodies later, for consideration.

IMMEDIATE ACTION NEEDED CONCERNING THE PACIFIC.

At the adjourned meeting of the Association of Central and Northern California, held in the First Church of San Francisco on Tuesday of this week, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved: That this association approves the efforts of its committee to obtain the necessary subscription to purchase the control of the Pacific Publishing Company, and in furtherance of the work of this committee we extend to our churches in Oregon, Washington and Southern California our earnest request that they aid to the extent of their ability in raising the money necessary for this purpose, so that if possible the Pacific may be preserved to the Churches of this coast."

The committee to which reference is made was appointed by the General Association to take this matter in hand. At the time of its appointment the sum of $2,300 additional to that already in hand, or pledged, was needed to accomplish the desired end. About $1,500 of the $2,300 is yet needed.

It is absolutely essential that the churches communicated with by this committee act **immediately.** Failure to raise the balance of the money that is needed will be taken as evidence that there is not sufficient interest in the paper to justify its continuance, and the few who have been carrying it will no longer stand for its maintenance.

This will leave the churches without a coast paper and with no arrangement possible for any satisfactory service by the Eastern papers. All that has ever been suggested by anyone near or far concerning service by the Eastern papers has been thoroughly canvassed

and found impracticable or not possible of arrangement.

And if The Pacific cannot be published on the present plan it cannot be published at all. This is the deliberate judgment of all who have had to do with it closely. Plans that worked some years ago will not work now.

As to whether the paper ought to go on, let this be noted: No one could sit in the office and read the commendations which are received frequently, and hear the spoken words here and there concerning the paper as he mingles with the people, and fail to be profoundly impressed as to the high value of the service rendered by The Pacific.

People near and far testify that neither of our Eastern papers serve any part of the large territory covered by them in a manner in any way comparable with that in which The Pacific serves the Pacific coast.

As samples of what is being said all the while concerning The Pacific, we give quotations from two letters received a few days ago.

One from the Rev. H. V. Rominger of Red Lodge, Montana:

"You are making "The Pacific" a successful and representative paper for Congregationalism on the Coast. Like Rader I read the Pacific more carefully than any other of the religious papers I receive. You give us good stuff apart from the local news, and I get a good many clippings from you to file away among my notes on various subjects which will prove useful in due time. May you continue to flourish and hold up the high ideals of a clean human society, a spiritual church, and the brotherhood of all the races."

The Hon. David C. Bell writes from Minneapolis that one article in a recent number of The Pacific was worth far more than the subscription price for a year, and expresses the wish that people all over the land could read that article.

We have received hundreds of expressions of appreciation of the high value of the paper from readers all along the coast during recent months.

Is The Pacific needed on the coast? With as good reason ask, Are any of the institutions which make for righteousness needed on the coast?

Brethren of the Congregational churches of the Pacific coast, for the sake of the kingdom of Christ among us, give heed to the letters of the committee! It is constituted as follows: Messrs. J. H. Lawrence, San Jose; A. R. Sprague, Sacramento; E. P. Flint, Oakland; Dr. I. C. Meserve, San Francisco, and Professor Buckham, Berkeley.

Among the Churches.

California.

North Berkeley.—The Rev. Mr. Booth has entered on the work of the pastorate here.

San Francisco, Park.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Sinclair of Berkeley.

Oakland, Fourth. There were 12 additions to the membership last Sunday—ten on confession.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—Six persons entered into the fellowship of the church at the vesper communion service Sunday.

Benicia.—There have been many removals from the town of late and the church has lost 14 members in the last eight weeks.

Port Costa.—The pulpit was occupied Sunday by Prof. Tolson of Pacific Seminary, and five persons were received to membership.

San Francisco, Mission.—The Rev. Miles Fisher occupied the pulpit of the united churches—Third and Olivet— Sunday morning.

Rocklin and Loomis.—The Rev. L. D. Rathbone spent Sunday with these churches, and got a favorable impression of conditions and outlook.

Rio Vista.—Last Sunday the church took the first offer for benevolences taken since the great losses by floods last winter. The outlook is again a promising one.

Oakland, First.—The Rev. C. R. Brown spent the Thanksgiving season with his parents in Iowa, and the pulpit was occupied Sunday morning and evening by the Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa.

Riverside.—Mr. Thomas Hanney, Jr., has been engaged as an assistant to work in and for the Sunday-school. The church is filled to its utmost capacity at all services, and a deep spiritual interest is being experienced. A splendid reception was given Dr. and Mrs. McLaren on Monday evening, November 25th.

Pacific Grove.—Mayflower Church loses a beloved member in the death of Mrs. Catharine D. Johnson, who had made her home in Pacific Grove since the death of her husband at Lodi about twelve years ago. She died Oct. 21st, while on a visit to Lodi, in her 83d year. She will be missed in every department of the church work, especially in the missionary efforts and in the prayer meetings; in the neighborhood where she lived and at the bed-side of the sick. Little children will greatly miss her, for she was always their friend. Her naturally bright mind retained its activity to the last, and she was reading and studying along religious lines with all the eagerness of youth when the final summons came. A character such as hers leaves its impress for good on all who come in contact with it. Mrs. Johnson had no children of her own; but several motherless girls, reared in her home still live and call her blessed. She was "mother" to a large class of Sunday-school girls, every one of whom, led by the faithful teacher, found the Savior early in life.

JOTTINGS.

A Carpenter Clergyman.

He lives at Guerneville and ministers to our little church in that hamlet hidden among the hills, in the preaching of the word, in comfort for the sorrowing, and in earnest longing and prayer for salvation for the lost. But it is not his thoughts only or his words that are busy for their good. I was welcomed to a parsonage built by his hands—a good home which he has prepared not for himself but for his successor. There, as he says, he and his good wife "camp down," but they picture to themselves a younger man full

of faith and the Holy Ghost, settled in it and comfortable—free from these lower cares and going forth to reap the harvest of the seed they have sown. But this is the least of the achievements of this carpenter pastor. As I entered the meeting house I found a feast for the eyes in the neatness of its interior, where those skilfull hands had wrought, and when I had passed through it, I found in the rear a substantial structure, larger I think than the church itself, enclosed and usable but not yet finished within. "I drove every nail in this building," he said, "and now when the rains come and the roads are bad and I cannot get about very easily, I mean to complete the interior and expect to drive every nail myself." It is large enough to serve every purpose of a Y. M. C. A. building in a village of the size of Guerneyville without in the least interfering with the uses for Sunday School and the social work of the church for which it was specially designed. There could be an apartment for physical culture, and for evening school and for a library and reading room and for all healthful entertainments. And this is as it should be in every village if not in our large cities. The church, as under Christ it was originally instituted, is an elastic organization. It is fitted, if only its members will put it to its utmost use, to accomplish anything and everything which will contribute to the development of genuine manhood and womanhood, to the promotion of intelligence and thrift and good neighborhood in a community, and doing this all the better for keeping ever in mind its one chief end—to save people from sin by leading them to repentance and thus planting in their hearts the very life of Jesus Christ.

Bro. Hoskins says that when this building is finished he wants to give way to that "younger man." He hopes to be able to do this next April or May. But let us unite our hearts in prayer that before he does this, there may come upon that community such an outpouring of God's spirit that the seed sown may generate and he himself may have the joy of harvest-home.

Benicia.

A staid (or shall I rather say, a stayed?) old town! Fifty-four years ago it was a somewhat fresh tradition that having been laid out with reference to its becoming the metropolis of California and ultimately of the Pacific Coast it escaped that dignity, because after the fire of 1857, which consumed almost everything, tents and shacks and the few somewhat substantial buildings of primitive San Francisco, it was so sure of its coming destiny that it raised the price of lots to a figure altogether unreasonable, while San Francisco in its stricken condition ran out into the bay "Long Wharf," so that ships could discharge their cargoes without lightening. And I never pass Benicia by boat or train without remembering its mistake and reflecting what a magnificent site it would have been for the metropolis! Deep water, miles upon miles of superb water frontage—that gentle slope affording perfect sewerage, emptying itself where the tide-currents would sweep it unfailingly out into the ocean; the balmy climate and the situation affording every railroad access to all parts of California north or south, without ferriage across San Francisco Bay or the Carquinez strait.

If that tradition was a true one greed blasted forever in that early day its prospect of becoming the metropolis, but what is the matter now? Why should one or two large terminals be their sole source of thrift? Why not other manufactures? Why not some such development of its back country as would make it a growing market town? The only thing I saw there that looked like energy and life was our Congregational church painted without and renovated within, transformed into a thing of beauty and fitness which people ought to throng just for the pleasure of looking at it. And then, if they would come, what good gospel messages they would hear from Bro. St. John, a man most fitly named! What a cheery Sunday School they would find superintended by Mrs. St. John! They were mourning the exodus from "stayed" Benicia of some "pillars in the temple of our God" whose places might never be filled. But as long as the Master keeps them there, there will be light and cheer and hope in at least one bright spot in the old town.

W. C. P.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(The following hymn, composed by the Rev. Dr. J. H. McLaren, pastor of the Congregational Church at Riverside, was sung in the church at Riverside on Sunday, November the 24th, and also in the church in Chicago of which Dr. McLaren formerly was pastor. It was used also in Thanksgiving services in Riverside and in Chicago. The tune "Hebron" was used.—Editor.)

As eagles upward in their flight
Arise to meet the glorious sun;
So may our souls, with sweet delight
Ascend to Thee, Eternal One.

O God, whose goodness swells our store,
Whose blessings countless crown our days;
Accept, we humbly Thee implore,
Our heartfelt gratitude and praise.

Through ages past Thy care we own,
O Father! still with us abide;
And through the future dim, unknown,
Do Thou our wandering footsteps guide.

With prayer and thanks to Thee we turn
Great Ruler of this rich, wide land,
And in her onward march discern,
A loving Father's guiding hand.

The Pacific Mail running in competition with Japanese and English vessels from San Francisco to the Orient have sounded a note of warning to the effect that these mammoth steamers cannot meet the competition and threaten soon to retire from the trade. That would be a dreadful calamity to San Francisco. The statement comes apparently from the owners. The newspapers so accustomed to abusing corporations of every kind except newspaper corporations, should consider the facts and give the public the exact situation instead of hasty abuse. The landing of these great ships at San Francisco is an immense advantage to the growth and commercial prestige of San Francisco. Many of the newspapers are so morbidly anti-corporations that they would in their blind rage sink these ships. We are not prepared to favor a ship-subsidy but we are prepared to say that it would be a tremendous calamity to the good city of San Francisco to drive these great American ships in foreign companies.

The Home.

The Boy and His Mother.

"What a shame it would be to put that lovely puff on Elbert's bed! He wouldn't half appreciate it, and it would look so out of place in his room. Let me have it for my room, mother! Elbert need never know that Aunt Jane sent it to him."

The mother and older sister were unpacking a box of gifts that had come from loving Aunt Jane. For her twelve-year-old nephew she had inclosed a baseball mitt, a pair of skates, two or three books, and the beautiful bed-puff, on which sister Josephine had set her eyes and her heart.

There was no doubt that the dainty puff would look more in keeping with the furnishings and adornments of Josephine's pleasant front room than with the adjuncts of Elbert's chamber on the third floor. But that was not the boy's fault; it was no valid reason why his aunt's pretty gift should be taken away from him. His room was what his mother and sister had made it. It contained what they had allowed him to have out of the general stock of furnishings which the house afforded. It was "just a boy's room," a small out-of-the-way chamber, plainly and by no means tastefully furnished with the odds and ends that were not wanted in the other rooms.

It is not unfair to say that Elbert's room was what it was because Elbert's mother was not loyal to her boy. Thousands of mothers are disloyal to their boys in the same, perhaps unthinking, way. So the pretty adornment, that ought to have been as suitable for one child's room as for another's, was taken, without hesitation and without compunction, from Elbert's parcel of gifts, and added to the surplus of pretty things that alone made Josephine seem the more fitting recipient. Never was the Scripture more literally fulfilled: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

The disloyal mother allowed the favored child to appropriate Aunt Jane's gift to her brother; and to this day Elbert does not know that the dainty bed-puff in his sister's room belongs to him.

The incident I have related is from real life. No doubt it is one among thousands of a similar character. The partial mother, the mother who is more loyal to one child than to another, is, alas! not uncommon. And this partiality is the strangest and saddest blemish in a relationship which is generally accepted as the type of everything that is purest and holiest and most loyal in human affection. In thousands of homes, especially where there are older sisters, the boy is the neglected member of the family. The mother's partiality to the older sister is evident, even to an outsider. The boy lives in the perpetual shadow of an imputed inferiority. Anything is good enough for him. The disloyal mother seems to consider it no part of her duty to make home attractive for him. It is his lot to utilize the cast-offs, and be content with toleration instead of appreciation. The pretty things, and the little attentions, for which many a boy's heart hungers in silence, are all for "the girls." He is often more like a poor ward or waif in the household than a member of the inner family circle. Unless his father be on his side (and the father is apt to be too preoccupied and too much of an absentee for that), the boy has no one to appeal to, no one to sympathize with him, to hear his grievance, and plead his cause.

How can one expect the neglected and merely tolerated boy to be a lover of his home? How can one expect his to be happy in an atmosphere of fault-finding, indifference, and neglect? If he finds no welcome, no consideration, no congeniality in his home, who can blame him for seeking these things elsewhere? When a mother "goes back on a fellow," where can he find the love and sympathy that will keep him from going to the bad? If a boy's mother has so little appreciation for him or loyalty to him that she will allow another and a favored child to do him wrong, not only without her protest, but with her willing co-operation where will the neglected boy find the staunch friendship and loving sympathy that are needed to keep him also from doing wrong to others?

Reader, are you one of the mothers who are disloyal to their boys? Is so, I beseech you, put yourself in his place, and consider what it means to your child that you in honor prefer another, and that you show it in your daily attitude and conduct. Think of the bitterness of being held aloof from the parental heart simply because God has made you a boy and not a girl! Think of being subordinated and snubbed and deprived and even defrauded by those you love, simply because your unpreventable sex is against you!

Take your boy's part, mother—stand up for him—be loyal to him! One day you will ask a man's loyalty from him. Do right by him now, be fair with him now that in the distant future he may have no bitter memories of the time when what is best and sweetest in the life of the home was denied him.—James Buckham in New York Christian Advocate.

A Clean Gown and a Bright Smile.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has this bit of philosophy on a wife and mother's duty in the home:

"I know, or think I know, how many backaches creep into homes, how many heartaches, how many disappointments. Some are real, and many, many are imaginary, if you only knew it. Parenthetically an imagined trouble is always greater than a real one.

"But with all this, a woman in a home has certain duties which she cannot disregard without being untrue to herself and untrue to those who love her and are under her care. One of the chief of these duties in my opinion is:

"To always have a fresh gown and a bright smile for the husband when he comes home at night.

"It does not matter if the gown is calico, it can be fresh with a little labor; and, backed by a wholesome smile, a sincere smile, it will straighten out many kinks of the day ended.

"A man's day, if he is any kind of a hustler, is a hard one at the best. He comes to his home at night with his mental and physical barometer down to the storm point. He wants relief in some way, and he wants it quick. His mood for the moment will take on a quarrel just as quick as a peace offering.

"Try the fresh gown and the smile on him. Do it day after day, and the trouble it costs will be more than repaid by the happiness it brings to all. I have never known these two things to fail in making a home stronger."—Mother's Magazine.

Young People.

THE FIRST FOE.

"Stand up for your rights and knock down for your wrongs"—
Is this what you thing to true courage belongs?"
Aye, stand up for the right, but if you would win,
First down the big temper that rises within,
Call it passion or pay-back, envy or spite,
Just conquer that first, 'tis the first foe to fight.

Just look at the kite as it swings up on high
Why you hold the string, or away it would fly;
Then drop to the earth, for though high it may soar,
Still ballast and checking are needed the more;
So hold in your passion and let the first blow
Be dealt straight at that and you down the first foe.

—Emma Hornbrook.

TRYING TO GET EVEN.

There was a farmer, Old Man Thrifty, who had two sons; and they worked with him every day, since they were little boys. By the time they were eight years old they could milk, harness a horse, put up a broken fence, weed the garden, ride a horse to plow out the corn, chop with a sharp ax; I can't tell you all the things they learned to do.

When the eldest son was sixteen years old, the farmer gave him a colt for his own; and he gave the other one three sheep.

They took good care of them, played with them, tamed them, watched them grow, and had a good time.

About a mile from their farm lived a sort of half-Indian man on a hundred acres of half-cleared land And nobody knew for certain just how he got his living. He kept a cow or two that ran in the road or woods, two or three dogs that went with him hunting. They raised a few potatoes and some garden stuff, the women making the garden.

But nobody knew for certain just how they got along—and so all the neighbors suspected them.

When chickens were missing, they'd say, "Old Slouch's boys must have got them." Sometimes they thought they missed oats and buckwheat out of the barn. But they were not sure.

One night, however, a dog came and killed two sheep, and sucked their blood! They were sure 't was Old Slouch's dog.

And so the two thrifty boys were bound to get even And next time they came to town they bought some strychnine, and one night put it in some meat, and went over to Old Slouch's shanty, and threw it to the dogs; and before the morning all three of the dogs were dead

Now 't was Old Slouch's turn, and he was bound to get even.

So he waited for a month or two, and then, on a dark, misty night, came softly around and threw down the fence and let his cattle into farmer Thrifty's oats!

And so they went on fighting each other to get even!

And every time anything happened to one, within a month something worse happened to the other.

By and by, Old Man Thrifty said to his boys, "Get your guns, and we'll go over to Old Slouch's and clean out the whole gang."

But Old Slouch, cunning old fox that he was, hid behind some slabs in the garden and fired first; and Old Man Thrifty fell with a ball through his thigh One son fell dead. The other son mounted his pet colt and rode off to raise the country.

Then there came, the next day but one, full fifty men with rifles. Old Slouch and his boys took to the woods. They hunted him, shot him, caught his boys and hung them, burned his shanty and slab barn, and went over to Old Thrifty's funeral. Then stood up an old Methodist minister and preached to them:

Old Man Slouch and his boys are dead. Old Man Thrifty and his boy are dead. One barn and two houses are burned. There are two gray-haired widows without homes. A farm without a worker or owner, and five strong men to be buried.

This is what comes to pass when men avenge themselves and try to get even! It all began with the loss of a few chickens and sheep.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

—Thomas K. Beecher in "In Time with the Stars."

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"Phil," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell.

He followed Kenneth behind the school-house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go to see the man who makes the canary birds fire pistols, and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil hopelessly.

"Well, it is first rate, and my ticket will take me twice," said Kenneth, cutting his little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir, ree, new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That is a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart's Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket, but after a few moment's struggle he said: "Phil, I wonder whether the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets which would take me and you in at one time?"

Phil's face grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the little boys started off for the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend; "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat; "one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the golden rule down here don't you?" asked the ticket agent.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what the man meant by the golden rule. Do you know?

It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—**a word,**
We cannot know its power;
It grows in fruitfulness,
As grows the gentle flower.
What comfort it may bring,
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.
Something each day—**a thought**
Unselfish, good, and true,
That aids another's need,
While we our way pursue;
That seeks to lighten hearts,
That leads to pathways clear;
For a helpful thought each day
Makes happy all the year.

Something each day—**a deed**
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
O, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year!
—Selected.

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman, known everywhere by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives, and was half-blind, quite lame and very crooked.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"O yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all alone; you work hard; you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you are happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, because I leave it all to the Lord. I think, 'Well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, and make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am,' and so you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you are all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking hehr head. "Always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of distress, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our mistrust.—N. Y. Evangelist.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by restless anxiety as to the future are not the crosses that come from God. We show want of faith in Him by our false wisdom, wishing to forestall His arrangements, and struggling to supplement His providence by our own providence. The future is not yet ours; perhaps it never will be. If it comes, it may come wholly different from what we have foreseen. Let us shut our eyes, then, to that which God hides from us, and keeps in reserve in the treasures of His deep counsels. Let us worship without seeing; let us be silent; let us abide in peace.—Fenelon.

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Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
—J. G. Holland.

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